

**THE MILLER.**

A miller sat by his silent mill,  
On a stone at the bridge near by;  
His face that once was smiling and round,  
Was worn, and wrinkled and wry.

He had always been a sober man,  
And virtues his life adorned;  
But his neighbors said who knew him well,  
That he very often was *cursed*.

Nature for him had wonderful charms,  
She gave him wealth and power;  
And while he cared not for her fruits,  
He almost worshipped her flower.

With no desire for "jovial times,"  
He toiled for money and tomes;  
Still he would dance to the lively tunes,  
And was often feeling his oats.

At length he died, for his work was done  
And he passed from earth away—  
Yet he was still waiting for his toll  
That was due to him that day.

He might have lived, the people say,  
To count his years at least four score;  
But for a "little grain of a shock,"  
He received while bolting his doot.

He had his toll and was buried low,  
Where the golden grain waves;—  
He never knew that "the mills grind slow,"  
So they told him twice at the grave.

**A Lady's Experience with Roses.**

For the benefit of the many amateur florists among your readers, and to ventilate the delight over my success in rose culture, I beg the favor of a small space.

Two years since I married and secured a house with the nicest bit of a garden attached, of about 80x18 feet. On the advent of spring, I began to improve this heretofore neglected strip, rising at five o'clock in the morning and working until seven. To illustrate my utter ignorance of gardening at this time, I planted the seed of the Petunia, Dianthus, Pansy, Phlox, etc., over two inches deep! The labor I performed in laying out beds, borders, walks, etc., and my neighbors complimented my hobby as "neat and tasty."

After a while, I consulted Henderson, Vick, Buis, and other books, and learned how to sow seed and cultivate plants, and succeeded to my satisfaction.

But I love the Rose! Finding prices too far above my means to secure all the varieties I would like to possess, I bought a treatise on Rose-culture with a view of raising my own. After patiently going through this book, I got the idea. The author was quite learned, not only in roses, but botany general, in Latin and Greek to a certain extent. He rather aimed to teach experienced florists, instead of amateurs, to whom he specifically addressed himself. Having no hot house or other appliances recommended, I thought to do a little summer experimenting in my own way.

Last spring I procured a box 12x18 inches and three inches deep, and filled it nearly to the top with clean paving sand, into which I placed cuttings from my neighbors' best stocks, about fifteen in number. These were all quite young shoots, three to five inches long. The box was kept all through the summer in the most exposed position in the garden, and was filled every morning with water, which kept the sand constantly and thoroughly wet. Experimenting in two cases, they all lived nicely, and by the setting in of fall had roots two or more inches in length. I then potted them off singly, in sand, loam, and manure mixed, in three inch pots. On the approach of winter, the pots were immersed to the tops in sand and covered over with brush, over which I placed a good layer of leaves and fresh horse-manure. Three weeks ago they were all exhausted, and only two of the pots found to be broken by the frost, while all the plants were as fresh and green (excepting the absence of leaves) as the day they were buried. Up to this time they have been exposed in a window facing south, and not one of them contains less than fifty leaves, and all have a fair prospect of budding within a fortnight.

I have learned more from an experience like the above than I gained in poring over a learned treatise. If any beginner can be benefited by it, he or she is doubly welcome. —*American Agriculturist.*

**To Stop the Ravages of Moths.**—Camphor will not stop the ravages of moths in carpets, after they have commenced eating. Then they pay no regard to the presence of camphor, cedar or tobacco. A good way to conquer them is to take a coarse trash towel, wring it out of clean water. Spread it smoothly on the carpet, then iron it dry with a good hot iron, repeating the operation on all suspected places, and those least used. It does not injure the pile or the color of the carpet in the least, as it is not necessary to press hard, heat and steam being the agents, and they do the work effectively on worms and eggs. Then the camphor will doubtless prevent future depredations of the miller.

**Excellent Confection.**—This is the season for oranges. The peel of this fruit preserved in sugar is one of the most delightful confections which a family can use, far superior to the extracts sold in the shops. The peel, should, of course, be perfectly clean, and should be cut in long, thin strips. Stew in water till the bitterness is extracted. Throw away the water and stew again for half an hour in a thick syrup made of a pound of sugar to one of peel, with just water enough. Put away, in a cool place, for flavoring puddings, pies, etc. For this purpose it should be chopped very fine. No better or cheaper flavoring can be furnished a household.

**Rhubarb Pie.**—Prepare the stalks by peeling off the thin, reddish skin, and, cutting in half or three-quarter inch pieces, which spread evenly in your crust-lined tin. Sift on a little flour to which add a bit of butter and a teaspoonful of sugar—sour taste is not relished; a pinch of soda may be used to advantage, with less sugar, as it goes far towards neutralizing the acid. (We would here add: save all your surplus pie-plant, prepare as for use, and dry in the sun, as stove-heat turns it darkcolored. Soak and stew for winter use with sugar and soda as above for pies. It makes also a nice sauce for tea.)

**Cotton Mather used to say** there was a gentleman mentioned in the nineteenth chapter of Acts, to whom he was more deeply indebted than to any other person. And that was the town-clerk of Ephesus, whose counsel was to do nothing rashly. Upon any proposal of consequence, it was usual with him to say, "Let us first consult with the town-clerk of Ephesus." What mischief, trouble and sorrow would be avoided in the world were the people more in the habit of consulting this gentleman.

**The Pedant.**

A man who has been brought up among books, and is able to talk of nothing else, is a very indifferent companion, and what we call a pedant. But we should enlarge the title, and give it to every one that does not know how to think out of his profession and particular way of life. There is a greater pedant than a mere man of the town? Bar him the play-house, a catalogue of the reigning beauties, and you strike him dumb. The military pedant always talks in a camp, and in storming towns, making lodgments, and fighting battles from one end of the year to the other. Everything he speaks smells of gunpowder; if you take away his artillery from him, he has not a word to say for himself. The law pedant is perpetually putting cases, repeating the transactions of Westminster-hall, wrangling with you upon the most indifferent circumstances of life, and not to be concerned of the distance of a place, or of the most trivial point in conversation, but by dint of argument. The state pedant is wrapped up in news, and lost in politics. If you mention either of the sovereigns of Europe, he talks notably; but if you go out of the gazette, you drop him. In short, a mere courtier, a mere soldier, a mere scholar, a mere anything, is an insipid, pedantic character, and equally ridiculous. —*Spectator.*

**A Curious Climate.**

The climate of Peru is set forth by a correspondent as exceedingly peculiar and strange. It never rains there, we're told, but during certain seasons, and when the atmosphere is filled with clouds, a "dew falls so thick, heavy and continuous that it will stain the heaviest clothing in less than an hour." The coming and going of the clouds that distill this dew is another strange thing connected with Peru. The changes are reported so rapid and violent as to startle the stranger. One may be walking along the street, glorying in the rich warmth of the sunshine, and admiring the deep, clear blue sky, when suddenly, and almost imperceptibly, a change takes place, "and from the southward a mass of dark clouds come rolling swiftly across the firmament, and soon the blue sky is replaced by a somber pall, and to the glorious sunshines succeeds a drizzling, penetrating mist." And this is as suddenly changed again; even while one is preparing to guard against the mist, the sunlight and the sky reappear in all their brightness and beauty.

**William D. Guild.**—We clip the following from the Providence Journal: Mr. William D. Guild, the unfortunate engineer of the boat train, was a native of Little Rest Hill, Kingston, although most of his early life was passed at Williamantic, Ct. He commenced his experience as engineer on the Stonington Road about twenty-six years ago, and has been in the employ of the New York and Erie Road for thirteen years. The Cattaraugus Road in Pennsylvania, for four years, and the last five years again on the Stonington Road. On one occasion in Pennsylvania when an axle broke while the train was on a high bridge, by crowding on all steam he carried the train safely over, when had the train been allowed to hang back, a most serious accident would probably have occurred. Another time a train under his control was stopped just in time to avoid a collision with a large rock which had fallen on the track. He had been presented with a valuable gold watch, inscribed with a complimentary testimonial to his efficiency in the service and to his constant faithfulness. Possessed of kind and generous disposition, he leaves a wide circle of friends who will sympathize with the afflicted widow if her sudden and untimely bereavement. He leaves no children, and was a member of the Masonic fraternity.

**Downing.**—No American has built for himself a more permanent monument than Downing, the landscape gardener. It was his good fortune to begin his work not only with taste and knowledge and enthusiasm, but at the time when his favorite subject was new to the country. "Ah!" said Washington Irving, in Putnam's old office in Park Place, when he was chatting kindly with the tyros and beginners in his own art—"ah! we old fellows had the advantage of you. When we began we had no rivals, but you clever young fellows extinguish each other." It was the sweet courtesy of the modest Nestor, but there was a certain degree of truth in what he said. Downing almost introduced the subject of landscape gardening to this country, and his works will be always valuable as well as interesting.

The first brick houses erected in Philadelphia by Penn and his followers were built of imported bricks, and now that city is getting back to the old system. A peculiar yellow or buff brick, imported from Liverpool, is growing in favor rapidly in the Quaker City, and can be laid down there cheaper than pressed Philadelphia brick.

**Creditor.**—How often must I climb three pairs of stairs before I get the amount of this little account?" Debtor—"Do you think I am going to rent a place of the first floor to accommodate my creditors?"

Mr. J. Y. Scammon, the proprietor of the Chicago Inter-Ocean, is reputed to be the wealthiest newspaper man in the country. His fortune is set down at between \$4,000,000 and \$5,000,000.

**Gems of Thought.**—Great objects form great minds.

No thoroughly occupied man was ever yet very miserable.

With time and patience, the mulberry-leaf becomes silk.

Poetry and consumptions are the most flattering of diseases.

In prosperity prepare for a change; in adversity hope for one.

Method is the very hinge of business; and there is no method without punctuality.

Quarrels would never last long, if the fault was only on one side.

We speak of educating our children. Do we know that our children also educate us?

There are no persons more solicitous about the preservation of rank, than those who have no rank at all.

Tis an ill thing to be ashamed of one's poverty, but much worse not to make use of lawful endeavors to avoid it.

Passion may not unfitly be termed the mob of the man, that commits a riot on his reason.

A comfortable old age is the reward of a well-spent youth; therefore instead of introducing dismal and melancholy prospects of decay, it should give us hopes of eternal youth in a better world.

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**Ranges, Hot Air Furnaces,**

Parlor, Office and Cook Stoves, Hatters' Kettles, Water

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